

THE WORLD.

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MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,181,157	22,391
1883.....	12,238,238	33,541
1884.....	15,156,732	41,799
1885.....	17,241,907	47,247
1886.....	20,126,041	55,139
1887.....	23,389,828	64,383

Sunday World's Record:
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was

14,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was

24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was

29,985

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was

106,636

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was

234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was

257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Amount.
1882.....	1,458,135
1883.....	1,858,135
1884.....	2,156,732
1885.....	2,441,907
1886.....	2,812,041
1887.....	3,389,828

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE MORAL.

It is not easy to find a new moral in the hanging of DRISCOLL.

The local significance of the execution is not great. It only proves that once in half a hundred times "hanging" is not played out in New York.

According to statistics in THE WORLD Almanac there were 2,385 recorded murders and homicides in the country during 1887. There were 79 legal executions—two only in this State—and 123 lynchings.

It is doubtful, in view of the lack of certainty in punishment for capital crimes, if human life will be any safer in New York by reason of DRISCOLL'S doom. Pretty much the only thing settled is that he won't kill anybody else.

KNOCKED OUT.

Now that a man has been killed in a slugging match, it is possible that the authorities will do something to prevent these unlawful and brutal encounters.

For a year past numerous "mills" have been arranged and fist fights indulged in in clear violation of the law, and nothing has been done about it. An indictment or two or a police raid that meant business would have put a stop to this "sport."

Now that "Swipes" has killed DEMPSEY, perhaps slugging itself will get knocked out.

STREET STEALERS.

The street stealers are "at it again" in Albany.

Old grabs and new grabs, directed at Broadway and Fifth avenue, and the few other streets that have been saved from the spoliators, are being pushed in the Legislature.

It is for the interest of all the people, poor and rich alike, to preserve Broadway for business and Fifth avenue for driving and parades. An "L" road would spoil the great thoroughfare, without touching the rapid-transit problem. A surface road is not needed on the avenue, and would spoil it for the purposes which it alone now serves.

Every vote cast for either of these steals will carry with it the presumptive evidence of corruption.

SIGNALLING THE NEWS.

An interesting story is that which tells how THE EVENING WORLD beat its contemporaries in receiving instant news of the execution of DRISCOLL and being first upon the street.

Neither telegraph, telephone nor messenger service being available for the work, a series of signals was arranged that worked to perfection and flashed the news within two seconds to this office.

"THE WORLD does not recognize obstacles, except as things to be overcome. It is bound to get there," and to get there first.

The Harlem edition of THE WORLD went off this morning like hot cakes. The extra of THE EVENING WORLD, with the first news of the DRISCOLL execution, scored one of the biggest sales ever made by an extra in this town.

With plenty of "make-believe" and a sprinkling of reminiscence of the days when he was twenty, an old chap with a tendency to gout or rheumatism can have "great fun" sleigh-riding.

Prof. ADAMS says that "after marriage the husband is no longer the man he was." But if he marries with too much haste and too little thought, he is apt to wake up and wish that he were.

Men and women who have written "poetry" no better than DAN DRISCOLL'S are still alive.

There is a great question up for settlement at Albany. It is whether the Republican

Senatorial neck is too big for BOSS PLATT'S brass collar.

A failure that will always be forgiven Old Prob; the non-arrival of a predicted blizzard.

THE BAD MAN FROM GRINNIN' GULCH.

He Wants Ground Glass and Vitrals to Season His Pizen, and Gets Hounded.

The gas-jets in a saloon on Avenue A burned with all the brilliancy expected of them last night shortly before 12 o'clock. The bartender was a small man.

The door opened and a strange mixture of Wild West show and broken-down tramp entered. Sombrero, leggings, belt and "gun" were the Wild West part. Shoes out at the toes and a four-days' beard constituted the effete Eastern part of his make-up.

"Fer de love or Tim Campbell, ink at de angel, Chimmy," said one of the crowd.

"Woe," said the stranger, "I'm bad. I am. Gimme some pizen, quick! I'm singin', I am. D'y'hear? Wow! I'm the bad man from Grinnin' Gulch. I am. I eat rattlesnakes, I do! Yey hyar me too? Whar's that pizen, 'fore I lay yer heart on th' floor?" and he slammed a big, 45-calibre "gun" on the bar. The crowd went home.

"Will you have whiskey?" asked the little bartender, quietly, almost tenderly.

"Whiskey? No! I want lightning!" blue 'n green lightning. Gimme th' bottle, Saay, d'y'call th' liker? Thet's milk fer kids. Gimme some glass groun' up f'ine 'n some vittrol. Kin ye git me some rattlesnake pizen 'fore I hang yer lungs over th' door. Got 'yer tacks ter make this pizen sharp? Whar's yer heart? and he fondled his gun.

"Then the little bartender jumped over the bar, with an ease that showed long practice, hit the bad man from Grinnin' Gulch under the ear, knocked him under the stove, and after kicking him about most of the time, he took the neck and tying him up to a double-deck man-o-war knot, fired him out.

The bad man from Grinnin' Gulch gathered himself together and went out and asked a policeman at the door if New York was a bad town.

"A little bit," was the consoling answer. "We're kept busy carrying the corpses of strangers to the Morgue most of the time." "Many stuffs to-night, cap?" he slipped through the place where his teeth ought to be.

"I've only took in twenty so far, but there'll be more 'fore sunrise. Why?"

"Nuthin', pard, nuthin'; only I'm goin' back ter Grinnin' Gulch, whar th' don't slew more'n a dozen er day. S'long, pard," and the bad man was gone and every time he drew a breath the wind whistled merrily through the vacancy in his gums.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Ida B. Streeter, who died in Lisbon, N. H., recently at the age of thirty years, weighed 360 pounds and was said to be the largest person in the State.

The study of Volapuk is enjoying a boom in Chicago just now, and it is said that no fewer than five hundred people there are attempting to master the new tongue.

Dr. Merriam, of North Adams, Mass., goes sleigh riding in a sleigh that was made for his great-grandfather in 1663 and has been in the Merriam family ever since.

A cowboy named Sweeney, in the employ of the Hookette Company, of Custer County, Mon., recently performed the unusual feat of lassoing a full grown black-tail deer at St. James by the tail.

Two farmers living near Cartersville, Ga., went to law in 1885 over the possession of a heifer valued at \$11. The accused owner of the legal proceedings now amount to \$150 and the case is still far from a settlement.

It is now possible for a traveller to go direct by rail from the city of Mexico to British Columbia, a distance of 4,000 miles. This has been made possible by the recent completion of the California and Oregon Railway.

An engine on the Northern Pacific road dashed into a herd of nearly a thousand antelope which had huddled together in a cut, near Mandan, Dak., the other day. A score of the animals were killed, and some of their carcasses were gathered up by the train men.

A miller at Laoben, Prussia, recently exhibited a wonderful degree of patience in enduring pain. His right arm was almost completely crushed in the machinery of the mill, but in spite of the pain he suffered he walked a long distance to a physician and had the injured limb amputated without taking an anesthetic.

Many years ago William Egeman, of Aurora, Ill., received from his relatives in the old country a pin in the shape of a cross in which were set nine stones which he supposed were glass or paste. After wearing the ornament for a time he cast it aside as little value. Recently a jeweler told him that the stones were diamonds, worth at least \$1,500.

A Pittsburg lady who in her childhood was a schoolmate of Mr. Blaine says that the future distinguished statesman always stood near the head of the spelling class, but did not particularly attempt to excel in his other studies. She remembers him as a boy of strong will power, and says that he used to be more fond of remaining in the school-room studying at ages than of joining his comrades in play.

"W. R. Prosser, the aged Sheriff of Moore County, Tenn., told a Nashville reporter recently that during the time he held office he has frequently branded murderers with the letter "M" in the palm of the hand or on the forehead, and has seen the criminal succeed in almost effacing the hated symbol with his teeth. He says that in the earlier days of Tennessee it was the custom also to crop the murderer's ears and give him thirty-nine lashes.

THE RAGE FOR SEALING-WAX.

A Greasy Father Who Disapproved of Its Use.

Use.

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TRAPPING A DESPERADO.

A Strange Story.

Police Capt. J. H. McCullagh,
Of the First Avenue Station.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")

ALIFORNIA JAKE was a lucky villain.

Before he came to this part of the country he had rustled around on the Pacific slope.

He put bullets into two men out there and brought them to the end of their tether.

They were not great ornaments to society, and California didn't mourn their loss much, but they were not as bad as the fellow who killed them by a good deal.

He got off and came East. All he brought here with him was the nickname by which he was afterwards known—"California Jake."

He was as ugly a man outside as he was on the inside—that was ugly enough. Five feet ten and a half inches in height, with black, frizzly hair, and terribly cross-eyed—that was California Jake. So it is clear he wouldn't take a prize at a beauty show.

Jake didn't travel on his shape or his looks. It was brains and luck, and of the two he had more luck than brains. He escaped hanging for his California murders, and got off pretty easily for some funny business here in New York.

He kept after the cat, noticed its number, and by running a bit managed to keep near it for three days and nights, and on the fourth night, I stayed on the platform and took care not to look in the car. I knew Bet was there, and so I didn't give her the chance to see me look in.

[Part II. To-Morrow.]

SEBASTIAN TELLS A STORY.

His Narrow Escape While Arresting the Notorious Margaret Walsh.

In the Prince street police station stands a large glass case containing a miscellaneous assortment of knives, pistols, miscellanea and other implements of crime, which have been taken from various prisoners during Capt. McDonald's term as commander of the precinct. To each one of the weapons is attached a small tag, giving the circumstances connected with its use.

Prominent among the deadly implements is a small penknife which was used by Margaret Walsh, alias Fannie Wright, a notorious street walker in murdering John J. Macheoney on the night of Oct. 19, 1887. The murder was committed on the corner of Canal and Mercer streets, while the policeman was trying to arrest her.

She was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was pardoned after serving seven years. Sergeant Lynch, while talking with the reporter about the case, told the following story:

"Some years subsequent to the murder of Policeman Macheoney I was a patrolman in the Fourteenth Precinct. My night post lay along the Bowery. One night while patrolling my beat my attention was attracted to a drunken woman who was very boisterous. I took her to the station-house.

"On returning to my post I was accosted by a strange man, who asked me if I was the officer who a few minutes before arrested a drunken woman. I answered in the affirmative. 'Well,' he said, 'do you know who she is? I don't know. I'll tell you. She is that woman is Mag. Walsh, who killed Officer Macheoney. I frequent the dive she does, and I know her character. I saw her last night, and she asked me for information. I told her that I was a patrolman, and she said, 'Come out, Mag, I want to give you a warmer call.'

"Not divining my intention, she obeyed me, and I followed her to a small room in a tenement house on the Bowery, and pulled a 38-calibre English bulldog revolver from her bosom. 'Well, you should have been the hateful look that she gave me when I screamed: 'If I had known that that was what you were after you never would have entered this cell alive.'

"I believe she would have attempted to use that pistol on me, but I was taking her to the court the following morning."

CHILARA'S LOVER ON TRIAL.

Charged with Instructing the Woman How to Shoot Her Husband.

Antonio D'Andrea, the alleged lover of Chiara S. (Chiara), now under sentence of death for the murder of her husband, whom she shot dead on First avenue and One hundred and Tenth street on Oct. 30, 1886, was to-day put on trial in the General Sessions Court for his life.

He does not look like a man who could instruct a woman in the art of pistol-shooting so that she could kill her husband. In fact, he is a small, thin, nervous man, with a high forehead and a long nose. He is charged with having done it.

While the woman was confined in the Tombs after the murder, he was in the Tombs with her, and he is charged with having done it.

Lawyer Howe appeared to-day to defend the man. He is charged with having done it.

After two more jurors had been selected, the case was adjourned until 11 A. M. to-morrow because the court-room was too cold.

Burglars Caught at Work.

Policemen Foss and Gallagher heard the crash of glass at the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street at 3.30 A. M. to-day and found that a burglar had smashed a window in Michael Duff's saloon and was carrying in a tray of beer. They rushed until they got him out. The burglar shouted and a companion inside smashed the window looking out on to the street. The other man was caught. The policemen had to use their clubs to subdue the burglars. At Jefferson Market Court yesterday Judge John Brady sentenced James Wilson, charged with burglary, to six months in the penitentiary. They are ex-convicts and were held for trial.

Three Dishonest Clerks in Court.

The three clerks who had devised a scheme to cheat dry-goods firms by means of forged checks were remanded at Jefferson Market this morning. They were Benjamin Ahman, aged nineteen, of 301 East Sixty-ninth street, and Louis Stein, twenty-four, of 415 East Ninth street. Ahman was clerk for Sauer Bros., 157 West Broadway; Ahman was cashier, and Cohen had formerly been employed by Seligman, May & Co., 60 Broadway.

Prisoners from the "White Elephant."

The three prisoners arrested by Detectives Cooper and McCord in the "White Elephant," in Broadway, yesterday were arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court this morning. Ernest Quick, the bartender was held on a charge of violating the Excise law; Benjamin Paine, a colored waiter, was fined \$5 for looking the detective in a rosy, and Henry Knoll, accused of helping Quick to escape, was discharged. The liquor license of the establishment will probably be revoked.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE RECENT RISE IN COAL A SERIOUS MATTER TO SMALL DEALERS.

Everything Except Bottled Soda Going Up in Price. The Upward Movement Started by the Advance in Coal—The Small Dealer's Lament—Nagat at Coal—Kerosene Oil Up a Cent a Gallon—Talks with Retailers.

A blue-eyed German lad was beating a merry tattoo with a pair of cleavers as an EVENING WORLD reporter, still following up east-side business conditions, entered the market of Theodore Bettebatt, at 202 East Thirty-seventh street. He was cutting up a Hamburger steak for a waiting customer.

"Business is pretty fair," said Mr. Bettebatt, but he gets some small orders, even to a half pound of short steak, which would cost six cents.

"Hallo, little baby!" was the first remark which came to the ears of the reporter in the little grocery store of P. E. Gallagher, one step down from the sidewalk at 203 East Thirty-seventh street. It was addressed to a little one who had a bad cold and was held close to the breast of a woman who was just finishing a small purchase. To the reporter's usual question, "Plenty to eat and little to do," was the reply, backed up by a smiling remark that he "might better send greenbacks than questions."

A small and sleek brown dog gave welcome at Mrs. Glennon's grocery and candy store at 238 East Thirty-seventh street. Mrs. Glennon, who next door from her living room in the rear of the store, said, "I don't care just now," said she. "So many are out of work it makes business quiet." Still she had some good customers and it wasn't so bad for a small store. Then there came a very little boy with a very little voice, who tightly clutched two cents, for the giving up of which he demanded, "Six'ny onions."

P. C. Whiting and his wife declared that at their store, 219 East Thirty-eighth street, business was very quiet. Mr. Whiting went on: "Everything is high, no matter what it is. Kindling wood has gone up and has coal and sugar and coffee and even lamp chimneys and glass. Bottled soda is the only thing that stays where it was. Prices go up for us, but we can't raise our customers. Eggs are 25 and 26 cents a dozen for fresh ones, and onions are \$4 a barrel. Potatoes have gone up to \$2.50 and are going higher."

Whiting sells coal at 10 cents a pail and kindling wood, by the peach basket measure, at five cents.

At 215 East Thirty-eighth street Mrs. Boyle has sold small groceries for twenty years. She has a small grocery store, and her business was much affected by the rise in coal and other things, but was better at some times than at others. A great many people in the neighborhood were out of work. We couldn't get an EVENING WORLD last night. We added the girl. "They were all sold out up this way."

Mr. D. White, at 214 East Thirty-eighth, has for six months carried on business, which he established years ago. He sells groceries and is a licensed dealer in oil. He said: "It's a bad time for trade. People are out of work, and it costs more to do work. Mrs. White sells kindling wood in elliptical bunches at the rate of two for five cents or one for three. A bunch contains about fifty sticks, and weighs 2 inches by 12, and the whole sale rate is fifty bunches for \$100. Dougherty Brothers have for fourteen months run the market at 210 East Thirty-eighth street. "Trade is a little better, but generally quiet," the reporter was told. "Of course, the people in this locality are many of them outside workers, and in this severe weather they find themselves unable to work. Some of our customers are out of work, and we have to give them the price of coal. We know the people need something, and we have to give it to them, even if it doesn't pay."

A barrel of turnips blocked the entrance for a moment at Mrs. Margaret Carroll's little grocery, at 211 East Thirty-eighth street, but it was soon cleared and the philosophical proprietor said: "Business is just middling, but we manage to get by. The price of coal, of course, the people in this locality are many of them outside workers, and in this severe weather they find themselves unable to work. Some of our customers are out of work, and we have to give them the price of coal. We know the people need something, and we have to give it to them, even if it doesn't pay."

At the orderly grocery of Hauechild & Tietjen, at 204 East Forty-first street, business was reported quite slow. "In regard to the rise in sugar one of the proprietors said: "At the tea stores they sell sugar at cost prices, and we have to hold it low, too. We have to raise the price of coal from five cents a half pail to six cents, and now make hardly anything on a ton. I sometimes give credit."

Henry Engel has a little shop at 212 Chrystie street. His wife was behind the counter when THE EVENING WORLD reporter entered.

"How is business?" he asked in reply to the reporter's question. "In regard to the rise in sugar one of the proprietors said: "At the tea stores they sell sugar at cost prices, and we have to hold it low, too. We have to raise the price of coal from five cents a half pail to six cents, and now make hardly anything on a ton. I sometimes give credit."

Had His Son Arrested for Burglary.

Daniel Ryan, of 145 Avenue B, and Henry Green, of 345 East Eighty-first street, boys were being held at the Harlem Police Court to-day on a charge of breaking into a house at the foot of East Eighty-third street, and stealing two silk dresses and a model skirt. Ryan's father discovered the robbery and took the boys to the hospital and man Weiss. Muller and Walker were discharged.

Small-Pox in a Lodging-House.

The police wagon was called at the Home Lodging-House, 6 Chatham square, on Sunday for a lodger who was reported to be sick and destitute. The driver discovered eruptions on the face of the man, and immediately diagnosed the case to be one of small-pox, removed him to the hospital and sent word to the Board of Health.

Dr. Joyce, of 217 East Thirty-first street, reported to-night that there was a supposed case of small-pox at 423 Third avenue. The Board of Health physicians will investigate it.

Brooklyn News at a Glance.

Fire did \$50,000 damage at 908 Throgs Neck street this morning.

Detective Bunch has arrived from Philadelphia with Walter Frank Coughlin, who absconded with \$500 belonging to the Pathe's Progressive Union.

A horse attached to J. C. Reishelmer's milk wagon ran away in Greene avenue to-day and killed an elderly man, supposed to be E. Donnell, a man. Reishelmer was arrested.

THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The French Parish of the City, Which Has Grown to Prosperity Under the Care of the Fathers of Mercy.

The project of organizing a French Catholic Church in New York was first broached by Count de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, who visited this city in 1840. The idea was soon put into execution, and a site for the proposed church was selected on Canal street and purchased for \$30,750. The corner-stone of the building was laid Oct. 11, 1841, by M. de la Foret, the French Consul-General here. The Bishop of Nancy lent \$6,000 to help the building.

REV. GASTON SEPTIER, fund, and other generous contributions were made by the French citizens as well as Americans in New York.

The work prospered, and the new Church of St. Vincent de Paul was dedicated Aug. 21, 1847, by Archbishop Hughes. The Rev. Father Didier, who was chosen temporary pastor, was succeeded the same year by the Rev. Annet Lafont, who was sent over from France by the Bishop of Nancy, and who remained in the city from 1847 to 1873. Father Lafont established in this country the Society of the Fathers of Mercy, a convent of this society having been connected with St. Vincent de Paul since the early years of his pastorate.

As the city grew and the population began to move towards the upper part of the island, it became necessary that the church should be enlarged, and the location on Twenty-third street, where the church now stands, was finally chosen and the corner-stone laid in January, 1877, by Archbishop Hughes. The new building, designed by the Rev. Gaston Septier, is a masterpiece of the French style, and its cost was \$85,000.

Besides the parochial schools and other educational institutions, Father Lafont established the French Orphan Asylum and placed it under the care of the Marist Sisters of the Holy Cross. He died in January, 1877, and was succeeded by the Rev. Edmond Aubry, under whom the good works begun by Father Lafont were carried on. He died in May, 1881, and his successor, who was appointed shortly afterwards, is the Rev. Gaston Septier, also of the Society of the Fathers of Mercy.

Under Father Septier's pastorate the church has